

Mrs. Hicks Wants Divorce. Madison, Neb., Oct. 22.—Special to The News: Mrs. Tillie H. Hicks resorts to the courts to be separated from William Hicks, her husband, to whom she was married at Norfolk January 10, 1899. She alleges and charges in her petition cruelty, non-support, and desertion and states that on May 10, 1909, her husband was a station agent and operator at Colon, Neb., and he absconded with \$500 or \$600 of the funds belonging to the American Express company, and that he is now a fugitive from justice.

Rev. Father Buckley of Norfolk has returned from O'Neill where on Wednesday he attended the dedication services of the magnificent new St. Patrick's church, just completed at a cost of \$40,000. Bishop Scannell of Omaha officiated at the ceremony. Bishop Keane of Cheyenne, Wyo., preached the evening sermon, and Bishop Garrigan of Sioux City celebrated the pontifical high mass after the dedication ceremony.

Father Cassidy, who has been pastor of the O'Neill church more than twenty-four years, is greatly loved by the people of that community, who are proud of his achievement in building the new church.

Father W. J. O'Sullivan, pastor for the past two years, is also highly esteemed in O'Neill. Former United States Senator Thomas Kearns of Utah, now a millionaire miner, who walked out of O'Neill years ago enroute west, was present. His gift was \$5,000.

A Splendid Musical. Not a seat on the lower floor of the Auditorium was available Friday night when the curtain was rung up and the Beethoven Trio opened the first number of the program of the advanced music students of Professor Otto A. Voget. All sixteen numbers on the splendid program were carried out superbly and all were heartily applauded by the large audience of both out-of-town and Norfolk music loving guests.

Among the out-of-town people who took part in the program with great credit were: Miss Mary Mellor, Wayne; Miss Beatrice Miller, Battle Creek; Miss Pearl Hughes, Wayne; Miss Mabel Brechler, Battle Creek; Miss Myrtle Brainard, Oakdale; Miss Jean Prece, Wayne; Miss Simon Robinovitch, Wayne; Miss Erna Voget, Wayne.

Among the out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. H. Miller, Ruth Miller, Father Thomas Walsh, T. D. Prece, Mrs. Prece, Miss Hickman, Mr. and Mrs. Brechler, Misses Jean Prece, Beatrice Miller, Mabel Brechler, Lenora Hans, Mr. and Mrs. Kreidler, all of Battle Creek; Miss Lot Chapin, B. Miller, L. Robinovitch, Misses Prescott, Mrs. Collins, all of Winslow; Miss Erna Voget, Miss Pauline Voget, Mrs. John Kate, Miss Dorothy Rivel, Mrs. Pearl Hughes, Miss Mary Mellor, Mrs. Robert Mellor, Otto Voget, Sr., Master Ernest Voget, of Wayne; Mrs. C. H. Brainard, Oakdale; Miss Myrtle Brainard, Oakdale.

The feature of the evening was the closing number on the program, "Hope March," played on twelve violins, two cellos and piano. Those who took part in this were: Solo violins, Miss Marion Gow, Miss Beatrice Miller; cellos—Miss Ruth Beebe, Miss Erna Voget; violins—Miss Jean Prece, Miss Lenora Hans, Miss Myrtle Brainard, Miss Tot Chapin, Miss Abbie Craven, Master Dale Stuckey, Master George Berner, Simon Robinovitch, B. Miller, Theo Mueller. Piano, Miss Elsie Gatenby.

The solos were received with much applause. Miss Elsie Gatenby, Miss Lois Logan, Miss Clara Berner, Miss Mabel Brechler of Battle Creek, Miss Pearl Hughes of Wayne, Miss Mary Odorne and Miss Mary Mellor of Wayne were among those who rendered piano solos, while Miss Beatrice Miller of Battle Creek, Miss Myrtle Brainard, Oakdale, Miss Marion Gow, Norfolk, Miss Jean Prece, Battle Creek, gave violin solos.

The violin duet from Elgar by Miss Abbie Craven and Master Dale Stuckey was well received. Professor Voget, after his violin solo, gave a piano solo, "Valse Brillante" and "Pancie Joyeuse" of his own composition. All the students represented from the fourth to eighth grades.

The Farmer of England. York, England, Sept. 25.—Special to The News: When ready to leave Brussels I found I could reach England about as quickly to go by way of Holland. This gave me an opportunity to see a little of the life of the sturdy people of that country, with their canals and boat life; their immense trade with other countries; and their great production of tulips and other bulbs. A persistent people are these Hollanders, no task appearing difficult to them. They fear not even to attack the forces of nature, and thus far in every battle they have been the victors. Their idol is "Industry," even their art, which is second to no other, being but the representation of their industrial life.

is nothing if not contemptible, while the agricultural and country prices are holding us up before their readers as models for them to pattern after.

Land Cheap in England. Except a few places along the coast which is boggy, and a few deltas of the larger rivers, what little soil there is in England lies upon chalk or flint. This gives the English farmer a poor soil, but by good farming he manages to make it produce more than the fertile soils of Nebraska. In spite of the thin soil, the general appearance of the country is mighty pleasing to the eye. It is a country of parks in which one finds thousands of stately oaks, and elms, and sycamores, some of which appear to have been growing for hundreds of years. The roads are ideal, both for traffic and cycling, always bordered upon either side with well trimmed hedge of hawthorne, locust or olive. The road bed is macadam in structure, built and maintained by experts as in France. The fields are partitioned with hedge, too, and in these fields can be seen live stock, the blood of which is the foundation of all good stock throughout the civilized world. Without this stock the British farmer would be bankrupt, for he is nearly so with it. I am going to surprise the farmer readers of The News, by telling them that land is cheaper in England than it is around Norfolk. The best farm in England can be bought for \$100 per acre and there are thousands of farms here to be had at \$50 to \$70 per acre, and no buyers. The improvements upon these farms in many instances have cost \$200 per acre. Last Friday in the county of Suffolk, one of England's best counties, a farm of 1,000 acres was sold at a foreclosure sale, and it brought only \$22,500, scarcely 15 percent of the cost of the improvements. There are two causes for this, the one being outrageous taxes, the other too much tonfoolery. When the farmer should be in the field or attend to his business, you are more likely to find him riding his hunter behind the hounds. The English farmer has inherited a large fund of nonsense, dogs, guns, hunters, polo and other such things, and all together, it soon means bankruptcy.

But for all this the British farmer is a great character. His love of honesty and fair play is a matter of history. His intelligence is great, of its kind. He is slow to understand, yet a great thinker. His theory of agriculture is the best of which we know, but his time is so taken up with nonsense that he has no time left to put it into practice. It was he who made animal husbandry a science, but now he is the pupil. Nebraska during her half century's existence as a state has done more for agriculture, than England in her 2,000 years. The farms here are large, some up to several thousand acres. Help is cheap. Farm help can be had for \$2.40 per week, yet it costs the British farmer more for labor than it does the Nebraska farmer who pays three or four times as much. Friday I saw nine men hauling out manure at one farm. Two men in Nebraska with a spreader would do more than the nine. It is not so much the wages one pays, as it is the amount of labor you get for that wage. All workmen here are slow, which makes labor come high in spite of the seemingly low wage.

But there is some hope for the British farmer, for he is sufficiently intelligent to see where he is at, and he is doing his best, after a fashion, to better his condition. A few days before leaving Belgium I wrote Fred Smith, secretary of the Suffolk Horse society, at Woodbridge, that I would be at the service of the society on Saturday. Mr. Smith had a sale booked for that date, but he planned for three meetings for the day, one at his town for 5 p. m., at the close of the sale, and the third at the home of the president of the society, Sir Arthur Loedam, at Fromlingham. These meetings were attended by a total of 1,600 farmers, all eager to learn of American progress in their chosen calling.

I told them if they desired to keep pace with the Americans they must follow the plow more and the hounds less, and be seen at their stock barns more often than the race track and cockpit, they were greatly pleased and ready enough to admit that it was these things which had made their business a failure. This farm sale was an interesting thing, and all the more interesting because it was held at Boulogne Hall, a place so famous in the history and literature of England, and the place where the renowned Fitzgerald lies buried. This estate is now owned by Eaton White, M. P., for the southeast Suffolk district, and the sale was the end of a farm tenancy of forty-nine years. Here they charge an admission of sixty cents to be permitted to attend a farm sale, but this entitles one to a ticket to an elegant six-course luncheon. Horses, cattle, hogs and sheep, all of pure breeding were sold, together with machinery of all kinds. Among the things sold was an American binder, two mowers, a disc drill, hayrake and a few smaller things. These were sold in competition with like machinery of English make, and it was very pleasing to me to note that in every instance the American goods were bid off at the higher price, and in talking with the buyers they were a unit in saying they preferred the American machines.

Some yearling steers sold for \$62 per head, while the breed stock all sold well. Lambs went to \$60, and weaning colts to \$480. The auctioneer does his work in an easy manner, doing no talking to speak or only recording the bids. I regarded him as a poor salesman, but the breeders present told me he was the best in eastern England. This made it easy for me to imagine that if our own Tim Prece had been there, the farm-

er would have had more money at night. Living is much cheaper here than in America, everything needed for the house being below the price at home. This is even true of American goods sold here. Cuts from the best corn fed Nebraska steers retail here at a shilling a pound (24 cents), and the same cuts retail at 25 cents in Chicago. The world's wheat market is Liverpool, because it is the highest priced market, and yet bread can be bought here at 75 percent of the Norfolk price. Farm machinery, sewing machines, lawn mowers and hundreds of things from the United States can be bought here all the way from 50 to 75 percent of the home price. This makes a bad showing, and is not likely to help the position taken by the "Big Business" of America.

In cities of 50,000 to 100,000 house rent is cheaper than in small towns at home. Fuel is only half of the Norfolk price. Clothing is cheaper here than any place I have been. Taken all together it is scarcely more than 50 percent of the American price. Every kind of food is cheaper here than at home, that is the retail price. Meats are sold on foot above the American price, but retail for less. Not a very good showing for the American packers. The best English loins can be had in London for 30 cents, while the American loins of equal quality, sell uniformly all over England at 24 cents. The best English butter retails at 28 cents, while "margarine" sells at 24.

The railroad service is good, but the passenger tariff is very high. First class exceeds four cents per mile all over England, except on international tickets. Freight rates are lower than with us, and the service much quicker and better. No Schools Like Ours. The educational advantages of England are mighty poor. As we understand the term, there is no system here at all. There are boys' schools and girls' schools, and night schools, and preparatory colleges for those who can pay, but mighty little chance for the poor people. In this connection I wish to say a word for the boys and girls of Norfolk, for they know not as yet, the greatness of the country in which they live. With them all the avenues leading up to a highly useful life are open, while here only a few of the more fortunate boys and girls are given an opportunity to prepare for a life worth living. Aside from Oxford there are scarcely a dozen schools in England the equal of the Norfolk high school, and what is even better, it is free to all. It is little wonder that Norfolk has the material for a hundred kings, and that every home is ruled by "Mother," the uncrowned queen of America?

If one likes old things, it is here he can find it, and he can be favored with any age he desires. At Bath, near Bristol, they are still using the baths built by the Romans 1900 years ago. They have been repaired at times, but the same old buildings are now in use. In Norwich, and Ipswich and a score of places buildings are in use that were built around 1,000 years ago, and some of them are fairly good yet. Even the people are old in their manner and questions. In Suffolk a woman—one of those unappropriated blessings some 40 summers young—asked me if the men in America still bought their wives with tobacco or other products. Not wishing to compromise any of my friends at home I took the responsibility wholly upon myself, and replied by saying that I knew of ONE who had not. All England is closed on Sundays. Even hotels must have a special Sunday license to receive visitors upon that day. The street cars are run only to take people to and from church. Every division of every railroad has a time schedule entirely different from the week day schedule. No cabs or porters meet you at trains on Sunday in any of the county towns, and every one appears interested in the enforcement of every law.

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Don't Waste Time and Effort. Old ways of housecleaning are tiresome and take much unnecessary effort. Your time and strength are worth a good deal. Save them and look into this more satisfactory way. Forget that old and ancient methods exist. Get the all-round, handy cleanser that has saved hours of work and lots of worry for the women of today. Old Dutch Cleanser is the short and easy route to simplified housecleaning. See how much easier it makes your work. Old Dutch Cleanser scrubs all kinds of floors and painted walls; scours all sorts of metal and enamelled surfaces and polishes them, too; it cleans everything thoroughly and quickly. No acids, caustics, alkali or grit in it. It means relief from hard work and lots of satisfaction.

State Congregationalists. Fifty-fourth Annual Assembly of Nebraska to be Held Here. The fifty-fourth annual assembly of the Nebraska Congregational conference will be held with the First Congregational church in Norfolk, October 31 to November 3. Men prominent in church work throughout the United States will be present. Following is the program: Monday, October 31. Evening. 8:00—Musical program, choir of the First church, Norfolk. Welcome, Hon. S. S. Cotton, Norfolk. Response, Rev. W. L. Dibble, Columbus. Special music, Ruth E. Harding, Omaha. Scripture and prayer. Association sermon, Rev. F. T. Rouse, D. D., Omaha First church. Communion service, Rev. G. W. Gallagher, Plainview, and George A. Conrad, Norfolk Second church. Introduction of program.

Hunting in California. W. J. Stadelman Writes of Exciting Experiences There. A number of Norfolk hunters have received a letter from W. J. Stadelman of Santa Monica, Calif., in which he tells of hunting conditions there as follows: Santa Monica, Calif., Oct. 1.—On account of the extraordinary experience that I had this morning I am compelled to keep my promise and let you all hear from me. It is the first of October and the season is open in California for shooting quail, plover, ducks, etc. Conditions, of course, in this country are entirely different than at home and one must acquaint himself with the habits of the sportsmen in the territory where one lives. All the duck grounds are controlled by shooting clubs and the open shooting is very limited. These clubs are in some instances quite extravagant affairs, as the initiation fee runs all the way from \$100 to \$8,000, and the dues from \$40 to \$200 per year. The \$8,000 club owns hundreds of acres of valuable land and the membership is limited to twenty-five, consisting of the plutocrats of southern California. All clubs have club houses with a caretaker, and each member is assigned a certain day or days of the week in

Tuesday, November 1. Forenoon. 9:00—Organization and business. 10:00—Devotional hour, "Studies in the Letters of St. John." Pres. O. S. Davis, D. D., Chicago theological seminary. 11:00—Moderator's address, O. M. Needham, esq., Albion. Afternoon. Accomplishments and encouragements. 2:00—Report of board of directors. 2:15—Report of advisory board. 2:30—Report on education. 2:45—Report on Bible schools. 3:30—Report on Chicago theological seminary. 3:10—Report on ministerial relief. 3:20—Report on church federation. 3:30—Report of anti-saloon league. 3:40—Report of national council. 4:15—Symposium, "The Good and the Bad in Modern Evangelism." Leader, Rev. S. H. Buell, Grand Island.

Evening. 7:00—Informal reception to guests of the conference at the parsonage. 8:00—Musical service, Doane conservatory. 8:30—Address, "Congregational Fellowship." Rev. M. J. Shipherd, D. D., Lincoln First church. Wednesday, November 2. Forenoon. 9:00—Business. 10:00—Devotional hour, "Studies in the Letters of St. John." Pres. O. S. Davis, D. D., Chicago. 11:00—Memorial tributes, Supt. S. I. Hanford, Lincoln. 11:15—Symposium, "The Spiritual Life and Modern Conditions." Leader, Rev. O. D. Moon, David City. Afternoon. Annual meeting Nebraska Home Missionary society. 2:00—Devotional, Rev. J. P. Clyde. 2:15—Report of directors by the secretary, Rev. J. H. Andress. 2:30—Report of the treasurer, Rev. S. I. Hanford. 2:40—The work of the pastor-at-large, J. S. Dick. 2:55—The general missionary's work, Rev. N. L. Packard. 3:10—Report of the state superintendent, Rev. S. I. Hanford. 3:30—The work of the W. H. M. U., Mrs. C. A. Jacquith. 3:40—Address, "Missions Among the Sand-hills," Rev. W. D. King. Discussion, led by W. H. Russell and F. H. Chickering. 4:05—Address, "The Business Side of Home Missions." 4:30—Election of officers. 5:00—Adjournment. Evening. Men's missionary conference, in the charge of Secretary L. O. Baird, D. D., Chicago. 6:00—Forward movement men's luncheon. 8:00—"Pearls Which Appeal." Rev. H. P. Douglass, D. D., New York. Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, Indianapolis. Rev. J. P. Jones, D. D., India. Thursday, November 3. Forenoon. 9:00—Closing business session. 10:00—Devotional hour, "Studies in the Letters of St. John." Pres. O. S. Davis, D. D., Chicago. 11:00—Symposium, "Systematizing Church Finances." Leader, F. H. Chickering, Omaha. Afternoon. A battery of pointed papers on practical problems. 2:00—"Stopping the Leaks Between Bible School and Church." Rev. J. P. Clyde, Omaha Plymouth church. Discussion. 2:30—"Family Religion—The Christian Uses of the Home." Rev. W. L. Dibble, Columbus. Discussion. 3:00—"The Place of the Church Among Christian Institutions." Rev. G. B. Wilder, Hastings. Discussion. 3:30—"How to Develop the Spirit of Reverence and Worship." Rev. S. J. Beach, Nellig. Discussion. 5:00—"Bringing up the Male Reserves." Rev. J. A. Jenkins, Omaha, St. Mary's church. Discussion. 4:30—Half hour for odds and ends. Evening. 8:00—Musical service, choir of First church, Norfolk. 8:30—Address, "What the Church Demands of the Layman." Rev. A. C. Townsend, Albion. Special music. 9:00—Address, "What the Church Demands of the Minister." C. C. Sheldon, Columbus. Adjournment. 9:30—Parting words.

which to shoot. For instance, you may be assigned Mondays and Fridays of each month, and you are compelled to confine yourself to these days unless some other member does not go on the day assigned to him and he lets you shoot in his place. You go to the grounds the night before, your meals and sleeping quarters are well provided and you shoot under the direction of a captain, who assigns the blinds by drawing lots. Your decoys are set by the caretaker the night before, you are called before daylight, given breakfast and escorted to your position. Blinds are provided with stools and a bench for shells. No one is allowed to retrieve game until given permission by the captain, then all leave their blinds at the same time. In this manner no one disturbs the flight. The shooting is great and the limit—twenty—is nearly always gotten. I of course do not belong to any club. Had an application in but learned that the share was sold to the highest bidder of applicants that had been passed on and my bid was not accepted, so I am now what is known as a poacher, and have to take my chances with the herd that is kept on the outside of the grounds and only get to shoot at the birds that leave one location for another. There is one place that the four sections are all preserves, and the intersection of the road is a very highly prized position for poachers. My experience this morning, however, beat anything that I have ever seen or heard of. I took a street car to the hunting grounds which are located about three miles from where I live. Had to walk about ten blocks through an alley known as a speedway for automobiles. Both sides of this alley are built up with summer cottages, one-half block from the ocean, at the end of which is the city limits. From this point on is the beach of the ocean and shooting is allowed. All the way down the alley I was passed by hunters, consisting of men, women and children, afoot, on motorcycles, automobiles, in wagons, horseback, pushing baby buggies, and every old way—hunters going for the opening shoot. I located myself on a pile of sand behind some brush and waited for daylight. When this time came I could distinguish hundreds of moving objects in every direction, and soon the shooting started in the preserves.

Such a bombardment you never heard unless you have experienced the same thing. Presently I could see thousands of seagulls rising and coming towards us going to sea. These birds one is not allowed to shoot. A little later, however, I could occasionally see a bunch of ducks, all the time guns cracking continuously, and presently the flight started our way. Every bird that passed out was shot at from one to fifty times by several hundred hunters. After about an hour of cannonading there came a second flight of birds, consisting of curlew, bull snipe and some other species that I am not familiar with. These got the same treatment that the ducks got, and at about 8 o'clock all was over and everybody went home. I got five birds in the lambasting and was well satisfied with the trip. Went home, changed my clothes and was at work by 10 o'clock. So much for the ducks. The quail season is also open, and I expect to go some day this week. However, I have been out twice already on a locating trip and think I can find some. This shooting is also different from the Nebraska quail shooting, as the birds are in the mountains, which are about one mile from our house. The underbrush is very heavy and you shoot without a dog, and these birds are given to running and will not lay well. They are in coveys of from forty to sometimes several hundred, and they get up when flushed on all sides, and you have to stand with one foot close to your neck, or twisted out of shape on account of the mountain rocks and brush.

The deer hunting is also great. The Elks club here has several deer hunters, and I have had venison twice. In fact, there have been eighteen bucks brought in by Santa Monica hunters this year. One of these was killed within three miles of our house. I could go on indefinitely relating the great sport that exists here. Deep sea fishing can be had within five minutes' walk from my office, and you don't have to take fishing tackle, as it can be rented on the pier. Where we fish bait is also to be had at the same place, and one asks for the kind of bait that is suitable for the fish he wishes to catch, and no one ever leaves the pier without a basket full of fish of some kind. Launches are also obtainable to go out in the ocean with, which are provided with tackle and bait. Deep sea rock bass are caught with light tackle. They weigh several hundred pounds and it takes about an hour of good work on the part of the fisherman to make a landing, and then the gaff is used.

Wilson Gets a New Trial. Lincoln, Oct. 24.—The death sentence of George Wilson of Brown county is reversed by the supreme court and the case remanded for a new trial. Wilson was convicted of the crime of murder in the first degree. The person alleged to have been killed was Jacob Davis, Jr., and the crime was alleged to have been committed in Ainsworth. Davis was brutally murdered near his own door on the night of December 27, 1909. There was indication that he had been robbed. He was struck on the head and the skull fractured and shot through the head. Davis was never restored to consciousness and died within a few hours after receiving his injuries. The question of Wilson's connection with the crime was based on circumstantial evidence alone. The prosecutor offered testimony to prove that the accused had deserted from the United States army a short time before the murder. The supreme court

holds that it was error to allow this proof by the state. The prosecution presented evidence to show that the accused was a married man, that his wife resided in South Dakota and after coming to this state he had agreed to marry another woman. The prosecution caused the wife of the accused to come from South Dakota to take her place within the bar during the trial, and procured a witness to point her out to the jury. This is held improper practice. The attorney for the prosecution, in his speech to the jury said: "If this jury find this defendant guilty and do not bring in a verdict recommending the death penalty, no member of this jury need come to me and apologize, or to apologize to any member of the audience." This is held by the supreme court such a gross violation of the rules of argument as to require the strongest censure.

A GIRL'S RAPID RISE. How Miss Nellie Watters Went From Ranch to a Stellar Role. From a ranch in Montana to a leading role in a metropolitan musical production sounds like a big jump. The mere thought of it is enough to set awail the head of any ambitious young girl. In "The Flower of the Ranch" company, a musical-comedy which ran at the Garrick theater, in Chicago, 200 nights, and is to visit this city soon, is little Nellie Watters, and the part she fills is the most important in the play. Two years ago she was a little 17-year-old girl attending school at Billings, Mont. Her father, a ranch owner in the southeastern part of the state, made annual visits to Chicago in the interests of the stock market. It was during one of the visits that Miss Watters, accompanying her father, became acquainted with Miss Barrison, who at that time was playing the part of "Flower" in "The Flower of the Ranch." As the acquaintance became stronger, Miss Barrison became attracted by the young woman's beauty, intelligence and refinement, and approached her father to allow her to enter the profession. At the parent's approval, Miss Barrison saw her manager and there was room made for her in the chorus, where she developed into a graceful dancer. It was not long thereafter that the understudy role of "Flower" was entrusted to her, and when Miss Barrison left the company to enter vaudeville, Miss Watters was assigned this most important role. From her first performance she proved a decided success, not only in her dances, but she captivated the audience with her grace, magnetism and gingery dash throughout the play. Miss Watters will be seen as "Flower" in "The Flower of the Ranch" when that attraction visits this city next Friday night.

COULDN'T PLEAD GUILTY. Justice Eiseley Refuses to Accept a Plea From George Wheeler. For the first time in many years Justice C. F. Eiseley refused to accept the charge of guilty and collect a fine on that plea when George Wheeler rushed into his office and declared he was guilty of hitting Tom Cantwell and wanted to pay the fine yesterday afternoon. After an argument Wheeler is said to have hit Cantwell on the chin and over the cheek. Cantwell started for the police judge's office followed by Wheeler and about ten people, who were anxious to see the outcome of the argument. While talking to the fire driver at the police station the crowd was left behind by Wheeler who made his way to Justice Eiseley's office and pleaded guilty. He had no sooner done this than Mr. Cantwell and the other men came into the room and for a while it looked like a rough house. "I can't do anything for you now," said the judge. "You will have to come in later." And with that he ordered everyone out of the court room and, locking the door, went home. The principles seemed satisfied.

FOR A DANCING GIRL. King Manuel Threw His Portuguese Crown at the Chorus Maiden. Berlin, Oct. 24.—A German girl in a Japanese dance has knocked the Portuguese crown into the mud. The siren in the case is Mile, Gaby Deslis. Her dancing of the "Ju-jitsu waltz" won the fancy of young King Manuel of Portugal. Then began a dance of destiny, whose climax is the ousting of the youthful monarch from his throne. It is the latest of countless instances where a sovereign has tossed away a crown for the love of a woman.

Mile, Deslis made a sensation in Berlin and Paris by her Japanese dancing. Manuel, on a pleasure trip to the French capital, saw the girl and promptly went mad over her. He brought her to Lisbon and was seen everywhere in public with her. That by itself might have done no great harm in his subjects' eyes, but he proceeded to heap rich presents upon her, to load her with jewels and to buy everything her fickle fancy happened to crave. Times were hard. People were clamoring for work. Hunger was more than a mere name in Portugal. When starving men and women beheld the king's sweetheart ablaze with diamonds whose price was wrung from the state and whose equivalent in food might have saved many a life, trouble set in. The nation murmured. The king was deaf to the growing voice of complaint and spent more and more of the money on Mile, Deslis. His indifference was nothing new in the history of rulers.

Manuel, unluckily for his short sighted young self, was living in a later century. Members of the bankrupt nation did not enjoy seeing jewels worth half a million dollars given by a king to a foreign dancer. That is the amount Manuel is said to have spent on Mile, Deslis' adornment. People, too, who had been turned out into the streets to starve, growled when they heard a huge suite of rooms in the royal palace had been assigned to the ju-jitsu girl. Stickers for morality and etiquette were shocked to learn that Mile, Deslis accompanied Manuel on his travels. But Manuel continued to perform the world-old kingly feat of dancing on a volcano ring. His favorite holiday resort was Paris. There, so riotously gay was he that the French police were forced to take him in tow and to close various famous local resorts whenever he was in the city. The young king's ministers tried to gloss over his antics, meeting the public's protests with assurances that this was a last bachelor "fling" and that presently Manuel would marry and settle down into a paragon of royal propriety.

The excuse did not serve. Manuel continued to spend most of his time with Mile, Deslis, shutting his ears to all complaints. As in the case of Henry III. of France and other royalties of the same ideas, the "fling" lasted just a trifle longer than did the sore tried patience of the people. Manuel awoke to find himself kicked off his throne and to know he had thrown away a kingly career at the feet of a dancing girl.

WRAPPED IN A MILE OF SILK. New York, Oct. 24.—Last year it was the 500-button gown. This year the spool gown is the latest fashion. If you are a woman you will think the spool gown is the most attractive style of all; if you are a man and you have been congratulating yourself on deposition of the 500-button frock you will gasp when obliged to take twenty minutes to wind your wife up in the spool dress. The spool gown derives its name from its belt, which is nothing more nor less than a mile of silk which is wound about the figure after the frock is put on. No, the spool dress is not imported. For the Ladies' Tailors' association has decided to boycott the European fashions and Paris is pointing over the opening of the Third National Style Show at the Hotel Astor today. Already the president of the association has reported three wails by wireless from France because America has invented the first official aeroplane costume, the suffragette dress and the spool gown, to say nothing of 197 specimens of evening gowns and tailored suits displayed at the exhibition. "American styles for American women" is the slogan of the L. T. A., so the frocks shown haven't a pinch of Paris about them. It is the L. T. A.'s aim to engender a proper spirit of patriotism in their customers, through their clothes. As a woman tailor put it: "We never will be thoroughly American until the women have renounced the idea that French fashions are the only ones worth following, and have cast off the yoke of the imported gown." Judging from the suffragette frock the women will be casting off not only yokes, but petticoats as well, for this newest creation is innocent of ruffles, pleats, tucks and all feminine frills. The trousers—yes, real trousers—are full, about a yard wide, baggy at the knees and full of pockets. A plain sack coat, an Alpine hat, castor gloves, red tie and white shirtwaist complete this frock of the future. The aeroplane costume, of which there are two specimens, is serviceable, for it can be worn for motor cars as well as flying machines. One sample of the biplane dress is of blue cloth, made very much like the suffragette dress. Only the trousers button up the side with innumerable brown buttons, the waist is attached to the trousers, and a little hood gathered with a brown leather drawing string is sewed on at the neck of the waist.

Justice Eiseley Refuses to Accept a Plea From George Wheeler. For the first time in many years Justice C. F. Eiseley refused to accept the charge of guilty and collect a fine on that plea when George Wheeler rushed into his office and declared he was guilty of hitting Tom Cantwell and wanted to pay the fine yesterday afternoon. After an argument Wheeler is said to have hit Cantwell on the chin and over the cheek. Cantwell started for the police judge's office followed by Wheeler and about ten people, who were anxious to see the outcome of the argument. While talking to the fire driver at the police station the crowd was left behind by Wheeler who made his way to Justice Eiseley's office and pleaded guilty. He had no sooner done this than Mr. Cantwell and the other men came into the room and for a while it looked like a rough house. "I can't do anything for you now," said the judge. "You will have to come in later." And with that he ordered everyone out of the court room and, locking the door, went home. The principles seemed satisfied.

KINDNESS A DIVORCE CAUSE. New Reason for Separation Given by Mrs. Ida M. Gibson. New York, Oct. 24.—Husbands are too kind to their wives. That is the reason so many women are being driven into the divorce courts. Such is the paradoxical opinion which Mrs. Ida McGlone Gibson expressed in a current magazine. "American homes are the happiest in the world," commented Mrs. Sofia Loebinger, editor of the American Suffragette and leader of the militant advocates of votes for women. "The fact that anyone in the United States with a legitimate grievance can get a divorce proves that the great majority who stay married are happy. Also, the majority of American women are devoted to their homes, and housekeeping is not such a complicated science that a girl cannot master its rudiments in a few weeks, even if she becomes a wife without knowing how to make a cup of tea. "The trouble with many women is that they consider whatever they do are the most important things on earth. I agree with Mrs. Gibson that it would be a good thing if mothers trained their daughters to a greater sense of responsibility. "The business manager of a home should have a fixed housekeeping allowance, and more important still, she should have a fixed and adequate dress allowance so she will not be tempted to shave the grocery bill, or cut down on the meat when she needs a new hat or a pair of shoes. "There is a certain class of professional man whose wife has to be extravagant. It is not ethical for doctors, lawyers or even brokers of the best standing to advertise. But they can and do convert their wives into walking advertisements."

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